

The Washington Times.

Published every day in the year.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

PUBLICATION OFFICE.

Tenth and D Streets.

Subscription rates to out of town points, postage prepaid:

Daily, one year, \$3.00
Sunday, one year, \$2.50

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Russia's Railway Burden.

Complaint That the Siberian Roads Are Impoverishing Russia Proper.

The budget for 1903, presented by M. Witte, the Russian minister of finance, shows the usual deficit, amounting this time to something more than \$86,000,000. This deficit M. Witte proposes to cover by drafts upon what is designated as "the free balance in the treasury." The phrase is a reassuring one, but it happens that the "free balance" consists mostly of money raised by loans, so that the process airily described by M. Witte does not differ materially from the borrowing of money to meet a shortage.

After M. Witte has met the deficit by drawing on his "free balance" there will be only about \$13,000,000 of the balance left, and as Russia's expenditures on account of railway construction will amount to about \$100,000,000 for the current year, and are likely to be increased materially by projects to which she is already committed, there seems a strong probability that the French will soon have an opportunity to subscribe for another Russian loan.

It is significant that the Russian press is beginning to protest against the enormous outlays for railway building. The "Novoe Vremya," which is perhaps the most influential Russian journal, is especially outspoken. It remarks that the Siberian railway and the Manchurian branches have cost Russia more than \$500,000,000, and adds that "if this vast sum had been poured into the interior of Russia we should probably have quite another picture to look at of our economic well-being than the miserable sight which the enfeebled consumptive provinces of Russia proper present."

These protests are significant, but they are not likely to be effective. To begin with, there is no public opinion in Russia to be moved by them. Beyond that, these great schemes of railway-building are mainly inspired by military and political reasons, and they will be pushed, at whatever cost for construction and maintenance, as aids to the working out of the destiny of the empire.

Mr. Rhodes' Gift Horse.

A Disposition in Germany to Look It in the Mouth.

It is evident that the proposal to establish scholarships at Oxford for German students on Mr. Rhodes' foundation, so far from evoking expressions of gratitude, has seemed rather to increase the friction between England and Germany. For example, the students of the University of Göttingen have declined to participate in the Rhodes benefaction, and this decision seems to be cordially approved by an immense majority of the professors at the universities throughout the empire.

To some extent the feeling of the German students is due to an apprehension that their presence in England would put upon them a certain stigma of inferiority. As Prof. Wendt says with some acidity, German students have no burning desire to "wear the livery of the English parvenu." It is argued that precisely because they are foreigners and German besides, the Rhodes scholars would feel their alienation from all that alma mater implies to an Englishman. They have at least an apprehension that instead of taking their position as representatives of the German universities, they would only be tolerated as a novel kind of export, "Made in Germany."

But aside from this, an almost insuperable obstacle is found in the German conviction that Oxford has nothing to offer German students which they could not better obtain at home. English and American students swarm at every German university, but there seems little to attract Germans to an English university. As to theology, Prof. Wendt remarks that Kieble College teaches the

extremest State Churchism, with a pronounced leaning toward Rome, and Mansfield College has not yet produced a theologian who could unloose the shoestrings of Harnack. In the realm of physical science it is doubtful whether England has anything to show that can compare with the laboratories of Berlin. Moreover, the Germans intimate that the majority of the Oxford youth are content to scrape through their examinations with inadequate tests, and that German thoroughness does not exist in the older universities of England.

It is plain, then, that Mr. Rhodes' provisions have not captured the scholars of Germany so completely as they appear to have won the approval of the Kaiser. The freely expressed German reluctance to take advantage of the fifteen Rhodes scholarships set aside for Germans will doubtless increase the feeling, already widely prevalent in England, that Mr. Rhodes would have done better if, instead of working out a somewhat fantastic world scheme for education at Oxford, he had been content to give his wealth to increase the general resources of that university.

Results in Venezuela.

Some Points Made Clear by the Signing of the Indemnity Protocols.

All is well that ends well. The Venezuelan protocols have been signed, and the blockade raised. As the situation clears, two or three things stand out in bold relief.

One is that, in all essentials, Mr. Rowen has carried his point. Great Britain and Italy secure small cash payments on account; Germany gets a larger sum, payable in five monthly installments; but the pivotal question whether the allied powers, by their belligerent proceedings, gained a prior claim to consideration over the creditor powers which were more patient goes where it ought to go, to the tribunal at The Hague.

Venezuela gains important points. The blockade which has paralyzed her commerce and brought suffering to her people is lifted. For the doubtful process of collecting claims by bombarding forts and scuttling fishing schooners is to be substituted the orderly adjudication of outstanding accounts. Finally, her small warships and the merchant vessels which the fleet of the allies seized are to be given back, such of them at least as are still afloat.

The Monroe Doctrine is again vindicated. We suppose that no one on either continent will doubt that if it had not been for that doctrine, the end of the Venezuelan imbroglio would have been very different.

It is the recognition of this doctrine which has roused British public opinion against a ministerial policy which seemed a menace to it. It is this doctrine, flouted by the German press, but accurately measured by the German government, which has restrained Germany from extreme measures. She might be willing to put it to some tension, but she was not ready to strain it to the breaking point.

Out of all these complications emerges one great fact. The United States loves peace and seeks it. We have no aggressive policy toward our sister American republics; we cannot and will not defend them if they evade or violate their international obligations; but we will see that whatever penalties they may suffer for mistakes or misdeeds shall stop short of infringement of their independence or the appropriation of their territory.

Five Pounds of Copenhagen.

A Fragrant Tribute to the Memory of Captain Bassett.

An enterprising contemporary of ours draws attention to an item in the annual report of Senate expenditures, which reads: "April 28. 5 pounds Copenhagen snuff, \$3.75."

"For which Senatorial nose?" asks our contemporary, with petulant concern.

Speaking offhand, we should say for none in particular, but a case in all probability which illustrates the strength of tradition. Do we not all remember the story of the sentries which for more than a hundred years stood guard and bravely relieved each other on a certain spot in the imperial gardens of Peterhof? When inquiry was made as to how and why they were stationed there it turned out that the great Catherine had ordered one day a soldier to be placed as a guard over a rose growing on the spot, lest some one of the courtiers should pick it.

May it not be, too, that "5 pounds of Copenhagen snuff, \$3.75," in addition to being purchased this year because they were bought last, are reverently secured each year now through the office of the Secretary of Senate, not for the purpose of tugging Senatorial noses, but rather in commemoration

of the services rendered the Senate and the state by one Captain Isaac Bassett, who in his own person seemed to defy time and who never flinched when called upon to turn back the hands of the clock so as to permit the "deliberative branch of Congress" more deliberately to deliberate. Born in the age of snuff, as it were, he used snuff all his life, and continued to snuff until his light—but why continue?

"Regorrah," said Mike to the dying Pat, "your memory shall be kept green, even if I have to paint the grave." Shall we cavil or count the cost because the Senate honors its traditions and keeps the memory of dear old Captain Bassett fragrant with "5 pounds of Copenhagen snuff, \$3.75"? Not on your life!

Senator Tillman says the newspapers do not make and unmake men where he comes from. This is the harshest indictment against the press of South Carolina yet made.

Another American outrage against the international proprieties. The Yankees are getting a monopoly of manufacturing the idols wanted in Korea and China.

Speaking of Italian opera, Vos ist los mit Heinrich?

It is a race now who will become the first billionaire. History sits, poised and ink-tipped, ready to fling down the record and make the victor immortal.

The Sultan of Turkey has issued an order that any soldier found drinking in public will be imprisoned forty-five days for the first offense and severely flogged for the second. That is the kind of a canteen promoter Abdul Hamid is.

We breathe again. The Palm Limited was not backed up twenty-five miles after passing the flag station of Pine-land to accommodate Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt particularly. It was bulletined to stop for any passenger when flagged, and having failed to obey the flag, ran back, as it would have done for the lowliest of negro passengers. Thus red flags bring all men to a common level, even in South Carolina.

It appears that the trusts love the "anti-monopoly" measures recently passed, not for what they are, but for what they are not.

The Smithsonian Institution is advertising for a person who is competent to handle snakes. They call him a "herpetologist." The name usually heard in the municipal court is dipsomaniac.

The Talk of the Day.

Some Italian critics are already hysterical at the thought of Sardou's "Dante." One writes: "Sardou betrays historical truth with the same insolence with which he betrays human truth. He who presents such an incredible mixture to the English and American public must be firmly convinced that the race which produced William Shakespeare has irretrievably lost the sense of art and has become the slave of bad taste, in a manner really humiliating and shameful. Would he dare to throw such a mad insult to the intellect in France or Italy? We will not speak of Italy; for us, Dante is sacred. We do not want him on the stage; we do not allow him to be even mentioned. When Gabriel d'Annunzio's ejection to the young Dante in 'Francesca da Rimini' was given it was displeasing to all."

"But take France. The public there would rise against this monstrous speculation, in which Dante is made the accomplice in a great money-making concern, while of money-grubbing he was so innocent. The 'Dante' is repugnant to every feeling and principle of reasonableness and fitness; one would rather think it a great joke than a serious attempt. Were I English or American I would consider such an impudent attempt as an insult."

We do not take Dante so seriously in this country; but suppose that Sardou were to put Browning on the stage? Think of the resolutions that would be passed by the Browning Clubs of Hockanum Ferry and Pumpkin Hollow!

The "Era" thus describes an Ibsen audience in London: "An Ibsen audience is a study in morbid physiology. Pallid spinsters with uneasy eyes; sickly-looking youths with effeminate airs and affectations; strange hollow-eyed old men, with a suggestion of depraved refinement; socialists, vegetarians, pro-bromide drinkers, ego-manics, solitaires and superfluous women—these form a large portion of an Ibsen audience anywhere."

And thus Ibsen condemned, sentenced, hanged, drawn and quartered. This lying caricature is, forsooth, criticism of his plays. Some years ago the Yellow Book published an unwholesome caricature of an audience at "Tristan and Isolde," but that music-drama still lives and will live while the caricature is looked on curiously as the confession of a brilliant but morbid and perverse imagination. There is not in all Ibsen's plays one line that is as vulgar as the "Era's" tirade; for Ibsen is never vulgar, never morbid, never foully suggestive. His tonic may have a bitter taste, but it is a wholesome draught, prepared for the healing of the nations.

Some one says in the "Chicago Record-Herald": "New ideas are constantly enriching the language with new words. Some of them come into general usage; others are discarded soon after their coinage. Kipling speaks of the 'coolth' of the evening."

Yes, yes. But "coolth" is neither a new word nor one invented by Mr. Kipling. It has a highly respectable age, for it was used in English literature as far back as 1547. It is in Madame d'Arlay's Diary of 1781; Tom Taylor did not hesitate to use it in 1863; and it was a favorite of Sir Richard Burton. We are now speaking of "coolth," that is, "cool-

IN THE FIELD OF POLITICS---GOSSIP, VIEWS, AND INCIDENTS.

Crumpacker Resolution, Destined to Stir Up Sectional Strife, Is Placed in the National Morgue—"Uncle Joe" Cannon Among Its Most Determined Foes—The Hon. T. W. Hardwick in Washington—Former Senator Ransom a Planter.

Death Due to Neglect.

The death of the much discussed Crumpacker resolution is announced. This extraordinary measure, destined to stir up sectional strife and arouse ill-feeling in the South, dies from inattention and neglect. Even the sponsors and warmest friends of the resolution concede with pangs of bitter regret the lifelessness of their pet proposition.

Mr. Crumpacker began early in the last session to agitate the question of investigating election laws in the Southern States where the negro has been disfranchised by various adroit and effective measures, and for a time there were indications that something might be done.

He succeeded, after a laborious effort, in having a majority of the Republican caucus make a request of the Committee on Rules to report a special order for the consideration of his resolution to appoint a committee of eleven to investigate election conditions in "the several States," but which was, of course, aimed directly at the South, where the white people have declined to allow the negroes to conduct public affairs.

The Committee on Rules heard the request, but heeded it not, despite the pleadings of Messrs. Crumpacker, Olmsted, Dick, et al. They were placated from time to time until now the fathers of the resolution admit that there is no opportunity of having the matter presented to the House for its consideration.

Much Business Ahead.

In the thirteen legislative days yet remaining of the session, there is more than sufficient business to absorb the attention of the House without delving into a matter of this kind destined to cause trouble and be productive of no good. With the abandonment of this pet

scheme at this session, it is dead for all time, in the opinion of a large majority of the members of Congress.

With "Uncle Joe" Cannon in the Speaker's chair in the Fifty-eighth Congress and with good prospects of continuing there so long as he remains in Congress and the House is Republican, there will be no committees appointed to investigate election laws, and if Mr. Crumpacker and the others with him do not now appreciate this fact they will have abundant opportunity of doing so should they ever attempt to resurrect the resolution.

Your "Uncle Joe" will not stand for such foolishness, and those who know him and know his views know this. He has steadfastly opposed this and other investigation schemes of like character, and there has been no intimation that he is in the least inclined to change his position.

Succeeds Representative Fleming.

The Hon. T. W. Hardwick, Representative-elect from the Tenth Georgia district, has been in Washington for several days looking over the political field and familiarizing himself with the duties of a Congressman. He will be the only new member of the Cracker State delegation in the Fifty-eighth Congress, all of the others being members of the present House and were returned without opposition. Mr. Hardwick succeeds the Hon. William Henry Fleming of Augusta, and won his nomination after an interesting fight with that distinguished statesman.

Having obtained the Democratic nomination in a Georgia district, election is a foregone conclusion. Mr. Fleming would doubtless have succeeded himself but for the fact that he was so indiscreet as to become involved in a parliamentary controversy and running dis-

cussion on the floor of the House with the "little giant" from Missouri, Judge De Armond.

Both are members of the Committee on the Judiciary, and both are Democrats, and while they are not at enmity, they disagree at times, especially on parliamentary points, and Mr. Fleming is inclined to believe that he knows a thing or two when it comes to the consideration of such matters.

De Armond Holds Trumps.

It should be conceded that he is right in this belief, but it must also be admitted that where he has knowledge of one or two things, the Hon. David A. De Armond possesses an understanding of a dozen or more, so that when they are brought face to face in legislative combat the Missourian has the Georgian beaten before he begins.

It happened early last session that Mr. Fleming became involved in a controversy with Mr. De Armond, and before it ended Mr. Fleming was made to resemble an inconsequential sum of mutilated currency. This fact was seized upon by Mr. Hardwick, who was running Mr. Fleming a close race for the nomination, and used to good advantage by the circulation of copies of the "Congressional Record" in the Tenth district.

The people apparently resolved that if Mr. Fleming, who enjoyed a high reputation as a skillful attorney, could not hold his own with any man in the House, they would make a change. So Mr. Hardwick was chosen, and Mr. Fleming retires to private life.

A Reminder of Old Days.

Just as a reminder of the old days, attention is directed to the Hon. Matt W. Ransom, who for years was the de-

light of the galleries in the United States Senate and was afterward appointed by his great and good friend, the Hon. Grover Cleveland, as the first ambassador from this country to the republic of Mexico.

Since he returned from the City of Mexico a few years ago this former distinguished statesman has not been conspicuous in the public eye. Although he remained with his party, he did not endorse the ideas of Mr. Bryan and the free silver propaganda in the campaigns of 1896 and 1900, and hence remained quietly in the seclusion of his North Carolina home and devoted his attention to the raising of cotton.

A few weeks ago he was mentioned as a candidate for the United States Senate to succeed Senator Pritchard in case it was impossible for the Democrats of the Legislature to agree upon any one of the half dozen aspirants. But the election of the Hon. Lee S. Overman again pulled the veil of semi-obscure over the Hon. Matt W. Ransom.

A Successful Planter.

His latest act to attract attention, although it was a mere matter of business, is the sale of 1,200 bales of cotton for 9 cents a pound, which netted him the sum of \$45,000. The former Senator thus finds the vocation of a planter more profitable than the occupation of a statesman, and he is content to devote his time and attention to his vast acres near Weldon, in the management of which he is assisted by his sons.

He is now several years past seventy, the allotted time of life, yet still hale, hearty, and active, but it is doubtful if he ever again enters public life. He has had many honors and is content to rest with them.

IN THE COURTS AND CAPITALS OF THE OLD WORLD.

Seventh Child Superstitions—Three Royal Personages Marked for Heaven's Special Gifts and Favors—Primates With Blood-Stained Hands. A Gruesome Discovery in France Recalls Some Strange Denials of the Right of Burial.

Born Under Lucky Stars.

There are three youthful sons of Old World royalty, who are credited by all superstitious people—that is to say, by the masses—with good fortune and with powers of an altogether supernatural character. The first is the young daughter of Emperor William, popularly known as "Princess Luischen," now eleven years of age, who has six brothers, all older than herself. The second is Archduke Albert, the six-year-old son of Archduke Frederick of Austria, Duke of Teschen, whose consort gave birth to six girls before she presented him with a boy. The third is Prince Mehmed Burhaneddin, the seventh and favorite son of the Turkish Sultan, now about eighteen years of age.

Throughout Europe, and likewise in the Orient, where has always existed a superstition with regard to the seventh child. Indeed, this belief in the power of the seventh is as old as the hills and as wide as the world of folklore. In France the seventh son is credited by the peasantry with the power of curing scrofula by breathing on the part affected, or by allowing the sufferer to touch him. He is likewise believed to be able to cure fevers, and this superstition is to be found all over Ireland, in Scotland, and in the western counties of England. Moreover, it is generally taken for granted that the seventh is shielded in the most extraordinary way from all harm, and followed throughout life by the most wonderful good luck.

Sir Francis Packenham's Good Fortune.

That there is something in the superstition may be gathered from the case of Sir Francis John Packenham, former minister at Stockholm, and seventh son of the second Earl of Longford. When four years old, he was playing on the sands at the seaside when an old lady took notice of and talked to him, and dying a few years afterward left him a legacy of \$25,000. She was a perfect stranger. While minister in Mexico he received a letter from a lawyer in London informing him that a Frenchman had left him a large estate in Kent. Never having heard even of the French-

man's name he gave no credence or attention to the letters of the lawyer or to the matter, until some time afterward he returned to London on leave, and caused his own legal adviser to look the matter up. The news turned out to be true, and Sir John Packenham took possession of the house and land.

It seems that in the time of the first Napoleon a Colonel Packenham was incarcerated in France as a "detenu." In the same prison was a young French Royalist, who suggested to the colonel that they should escape together. They succeeded in reaching England safe and sound, the colonel taking the Frenchman to live with him on his country place. The colonel was a bachelor, and his only relation was his maiden sister, who also lived with him. When the colonel died it was found that the property was left to his sister with an expressed wish that on her death it should go to the Frenchman who still lived with them. The Frenchman thus became in course of time possessed of the property and lived to a great old age. As he derived the property from a Packenham he thought it right to restore it to one of the same name, and accordingly selected the seventh son of the second Earl of Longford as his heir, although he had never in his life held any communication with Lord Longford, or with his sons.

Hundreds of other instances could be mentioned of similar strange pieces of good fortune happening to the seventh child of a family, and that is why so much interest prevails with regard to the future of the three sons of royalty mentioned at the beginning of this letter.

What Will the Future Bring?

Young Archduke Albert of Austria will, aside from everything else, be the richest royal and imperial personage in Europe when he grows up. But beyond this it is difficult to see what fate has in store for him, as he is very far removed from the throne of Austria-Hungary, to which the Grand Duke of Tuscany, his sons, his brothers and nephews have all prior rights. Perhaps, however, he may become a famous general like his granduncle and great-grandfather and in-

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Savings Bank Accounts Still Mounting.

Cumulative evidence of the nation's prosperity is given by the report of New York's bank superintendent that the deposits in savings banks in the Empire State increased \$63,077,885 to \$1,077,383,743. More than 100,000 new accounts were opened.—Boston Globe.

A Model Counting Bureau.

The postoffice money order department handles about \$300,000,000 a year. The loss by the dishonesty and carelessness of clerks has been only \$251 in the last two years, but this is partly explained by the fact that the clerks are made responsible for the money they handle, and any loss is considered theirs.—Philadelphia Press.

Seasonable Project.

The plans for the St. Louis World's Fair include a refrigerating "ice" building, to cost, with the apparatus, \$1,000,000. It is to be about 320 by 210 feet and 30 feet high, and will furnish cold storage, ice water, cool air for the theaters and other buildings, and ice for the largest ice skating rink in the world. Within the building will be exhibited each day real "cold-fashioned" snowstorms.—New York Times.

he killed one of his father's gamekeepers accidentally while out shooting, and took the matter so much to heart that he left the army and entered the church, where, owing to his illustrious birth and great wealth, he rapidly rose to the highest dignity, becoming a member of the Sacred College. He was, so far as I know, the only instance in modern times of a man attaining the rank of a cardinal and a seat in the senate of the Roman Catholic church whose hands were stained, even though accidentally, with the blood of a fellow-creature.

Evading the Burial Laws.

At the Chateau de St. Maurice, one of the oldest castles in the Landes department in France, full of weird passages and mysterious rooms, just overhauled on the death at the age of ninety of its owner, Madame de Mirabeau, a large box of precious wood containing the embalmed remains of a girl of fifteen has been found in an oval room surrounded by cupboards. The records of the place go to show that in 1863 Madame de Mirabeau had lost a favorite child, that its remains had been embalmed, and that a beautiful funeral took place. It seems that the mother must have been able to get possession of the body instead of allowing it to be buried.

An almost identically similar case has just taken place at Colyton, in Devon, where on the death of Harry de Spencer Kingdon, a man of great wealth and eccentricity, the embalmed body of his mother, who died forty years ago, was found in one of the rooms of his house, and that of his wife, also embalmed, who died twenty years ago, was discovered in his greenhouse.

This recalls the case of the grandmother of King Edward, the late Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who at her death left a large annuity to her second and morganatic husband, to continue only so long as he kept her embalmed remains with him. This was to prevent him marrying again. And he carried the body about with him for years, usually in a piano case, until it was stolen from him by agents of the house of Coburg and entombed at Gotha, his annuity being, however, continued.

MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

THE BEST THINGS FROM OTHER NEWSPAPERS.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Judge Parker and the Presidency.

Parker would be just as strong as his party, and no stronger. There is no good reason to suppose that the Democracy will be able to come nearer victory in 1904 than it did in 1896. Possibly it will be as far from victory as it was in 1896. The divisions in the party are far from being healed. It is not united on any great issue. Nobody could make any guess as to what its platform would be if it should hold its national convention today. Imperialism is dead. The Republicans are solving the trust problem. The majority of the Democrats have come over to the Republican side on these and other questions. There will be no assault on the tariff. Not an issue is left on which the Democratic party can appeal to the country with any hope of success. Parker is an able and popular Democrat, but 1904 promises to be as bad a year for the Democracy as 1896 and 1900 were.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Thinks It's a Gold Brick.

The Elkins bill was passed by the House yesterday by a vote of 241 to 6. Its silent provisions are all in the intricate commerce act, which for the practical purpose of preventing railroad rebates to the great trusts is a dead letter. The only change it makes in the present law against rebates is that it abolishes the penalty of imprisonment and makes a fine of \$1,000 the only possible punishment for violating it. Under the pretense of legislating against the trusts the Elkins bill really makes things easier for them.—New York Word.

The Solution.

Well, why doesn't President Roosevelt get Congress to put a bounty on children? Let's have some more paternal legislation.—Chicago Record-Herald.

BITS OF MISCELLANY.

In the Depths of the Pacific.

The most hazardous section of the Manila telegraph cable is that completed between San Francisco and Honolulu, in which the sea bed is precipitous, with valleys 31,000 feet deep. The next two sections, extending to Guam, will cross level plains of mud at a depth of about 18,000 feet, while the last section is over a series of mountains.—Philadelphia Press.

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